

ONWARD!

Onward! Lord, we press,
 Onward led by Thee;
 Children of our land to bless—
 Drunkards to set free.
 Led by thee, Almighty Lord,
 Armed by Thy strong shield and sword,
 Cheered by Thine eternal word,
 Victors we shall be.

Onward! truth to spread,
 Onward! souls to gain;
 Hope before and heaven o'erhead,
 Why should we refrain?
 Jesus stooped to shame and woe;
 We the cross must bear below,
 To the world His spirit show,
 Ere with Him we reign.

Onward! tears to dry,
 Onward! hearts to heal;
 Every gracious plan to try
 For our brother's weal.
 Temperance, purity, and grace,
 Heralds of a happier race,
 Dawn upon the drunkard's place,
 Brighter days reveal.

Onward! Lord, we go;
 Onward! upward still;
 Teaching youth and age below
 All Thy perfect will.
 Scripture, science, history's page,
 Aid us in the war we wage;
 Men of every rank and age
 Our brave army fill.

Onward! one and all;
 Onward! all in one;
 Friends of freedom hear the call!
 Cast the strongholds down.
 Sixty thousand yearly die;
 In a drunkard's grave they lie;
 Christian! list their ghostly cry!
 Put thine armour on.

Onward! evermore;
 Onward! to the end;
 Lord, Thy blessing we implore—
 Thou can'st victory send.
 Hear us from Thy throne above,
 God of holiness and love;
 Britain's shame and curse remove;
 Thine own cause defend.

WILLIAM HOYLE, Manchester.

(Written expressly for this Journal.)